episode.

The orator has paused a minute for

a cent a copy. You can see for yourselver what it is. They are for sale here. Only

COLLECTING TRANSFERS.

A New Hobby That Street Car Conductors

Where to?" asked the conductor.

old place. I'm not going to use it anyhow.'

"Collectin' 'em?" inquired the conductor

It wasn't a rush hour and the conductor

nearly four hundred transfers that he'd

various places, and even by writing to the

for the time limit; the dates and so on The conductor punches one of each of the

the transfers a compass showing the

to Clear Clubhouse of Debt.

10 o'clock until midnight. A large number

of the women here are taking much interest

in the event and are contributing great

fancy needlework and so forth, which will

the other valuable contributions from

friends of the club both here and in New

whose pictures of Barnegat Bay and shore

scenes generally have attracted so much

attention in the coast colony in summe

The young men composing the athletic

club have put much energy and enthusiasm

into the organization and conduct of the

club. They have purchased a fine lot in one of the most attractive parts of the village and have erected a clubhouse on it which may well challenge comparison with that of any local club in any of the smaller towns

be counted as one of Point Pleas

Trees Growing in Crater of Kilauea

From the Havaiian Star.

A peculiar condition in the crater of Kilaues

is reported by returning passengers of the

bery in the crater.

On the other hand, smoke has been coming out of the inner crater of Kilaues during the last few days. The volcano had shown little activity recently, but there appears to be renewed quantities of smoke coming forth every morning.

and the Lake wood colony in winter.

POINT PLEASANT, N. J., July 22 .-

Out in Salt Lake they still use a system

street railway companies direct for them.

Broadway oar.

and the passenger nodded.

them is none of our business.

Run Across-Odd Varieties.

"Transfer, please," said a passenger or

Thunderstorm He Remembers

A Thrilling Reminiscence of a Man in a West Broadway Skyscraper.

A big man of forty or so, with some strands of gray mingled with the black hair at his temples and above his ears, leaned back in his revolving chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and watched the zigzag lightning ripping the Jersey skies. It was a Jersey cloud rumpus and he had a fine view of it from his top floor back office in a West Broadway skyscraper. A friend dropped in upon him while, neglecting the piled up work on his desk, he watched the mêlée in the clouds over Jersey City and Hoboken.

"I've got myself trained now," said the big man in the revolving chair to the man who had dropped in upon him, "so that I can not only look at these aerial rough-houses without quaking in my low-outs, but actually enjoy the splendor of them. But it took me a long time to conquer my dread of thunderstorms. A thunderstorm dose that came my way when I was veal set me back about twenty years in my appreciation of what the weather charters call meteorological disturbances.

"I was a ten-year-old Kansan when it happened. I'd been working in the vineyard for quite a spell before rounding out that first of my decades, but the job I then held down was a Western Union messenger boy's billet, at \$2.50 a week. Pretty soft for me, that job. They never worked me much more than sixteen or seventeen hours a day. And then I had a peaked uniform cap, with the nickel plated W. U.' device above the peak, which caused all my kid pals so to swell up with envy that they took turns in throwing rocks at me. Understanding the cause of their pique, I enjoyed the rocks.

There were two other youngsters acting as messengers in the Leavenworth office, and it was a case of Shanks his mare for all messages within a radius of five miles of the Shawnee street office. When a telegram spun along for somebody living more than five miles from the office there was a cayuse for the use of the kids.

We liked those cavuse runs, and used to fight and claw each other for them. For months at a stretch I used to go about with a black eye or two. put on me in the progress of scraps with the two other kids for those cayuse runs.

"But at last the manager grew tired of seeing three facially mutilated boys hanging around the office, and established the rule that we should take turns at the cayuse. My mother failed to recognize me when those continuous performance shiners healed, she was so used to seeing me with

"One afternoon I caught the cayuse trick for an eight mile message. The telegram was for an old hermit who lived in a cabin back of the De Soto road, north of Leavenworth. The hermit, whom they called 'Old Man Barlow,' was a fearsome looking old chap who had been erected into a bugaboo by Leavenworth mothers for scaring misbehaving children. The mothers always threatened to turn the undecorous kids over to Old Man Barlow if they didn't smoke up and act nice.

I'd previously caught several glimpses of the hermit in hiking by his cabin on the cavus. He had a tangled mass of vellowish white hair and a long matted white beard. He wore an old army overcoat winter and summer, and not much else. Nobody knew how he contrived to live, but the boys had a theory, I remember, that he lived his dog Old Man Barlow, for some reason that I was never able to make out, was supposed to have corralled the beast and

devoured him. deliver to the old man was signed 'Ella,' dated Oswego, N. Y., and announced the sudden death of the hermit's sister. Somehow or another, I wasn't much enthused over the job of delivering this message, even on the back of the cherished cayuse. I had it sort of figured out that if Old Man Barlow was so fond of the flesh of dogs as I'd grown up believing from hearsay that he was, then there wasn't any reason in life why he shouldn't be equally fond of boy meat. But it was my turn for the trick, there was no way out of it,

"I made the start at 3 o'clock in the after-"I made the start at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It was a redhot August day, and when I started on the trip there wasn't a cloud in the brassy sky. When I had trotted the cayusa to the northern environs of Leavenworth, though, and had entered upon the winding De Soto road I had a good view of a long stretch of the yallery Missouri River. And I hadn't covered a mile of the road before I noticed a sort of bloated looking green cloud puffling up the bend of the river. Right behind that cloud was a heavy black one.

that cloud was a heavy black one.
"The sandbars in the middle of the river began to look messy. The wind from the green cloud swooped upon the sandbars green cloud swooped upon the sandbars and picked up acres of their top surface, so that down in that direction the air was presently filled with a yellow murk of sand, through which, only a few minutes later, the reddish lightning began to cavort.

"You'll hear a lot about those sudden south Sea storms that develop while you

"You'll hear a lot about those sudden South Sea storms that develop while you wait from the cloud 'no bigger than a man's hand.' I've done my bit in deep water, and not as a lolling passenger, either; and I want to tell you that I never asw at sea anything to match for suddenness those wind and thunder storms of Kansas.

"I was in the murk of flying sand before I knew where I was at, and then the black pall, that had blotted out the sun almost before I'd had a chance to size it up, seemed to be so close over my head that I felt as if I could almost reach up from the saddle and grab an edge of it. But I didn't want to de that. I hadn't lost any black cloud.

"The devilish booming began right over my head in less than three minutes after I had first beheld that puffy, green cloud away down the lower bend of the Big Muddy. There is nothing like it back East here. The worst thunderstorm I ever heard on the Atlantic seaboard was like the cracking of toy torpedoes compared to just a middling Kansas thunderstorm.

"The zenith-tearing lightning alternated in its hues. First there'd be a blinding apple green glare, instantly followed by

"The zenith-tearing ingularing alternated in its hues. First there'd be a blinding apple green glare, instantly followed by a crash that would remind me now of the blowing off of the head of a volcano, and then a sustained, dazzling purplish fiare, accompanying two or three tremendous booms all in a row, as if the devil had been amusing himself by firing off a 20 inch sixmusing himself by firing off a 20 inch six-

tle-men, but I was a-skeart! My "Gen-tle-men, but I was a-skeart! My cayuse began to buck under me with the first flares of lightning and booming of thunder, but when the performance aloft reached its worst the poor little four-legged that was so scared himself that he quieted down, and tried to bury his eyes in some hazel bushes that lined the road.

"I jumped off him and rested my eyes against the saddle blanket to shut out, as best I could, the sight of the lightning, and dug my fingers into my ears to ward the booming of the thunder from my already aching eardrums.

the booming of the thunder from my already sching eardrums.

"It was only 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but, except for the illumination of the lightning, it was black, pitchy dark. My quaking cayuse kept his head in the hazel bushes, his eyes as tightly closed as mine, and every time a bolt struck near us he

trembled all over. The rain bega to fall in torrents, but I kept my forehead pressed against the shivering cayuse's saddle-blanket and thought things about Old Man Barlow that should never have entered the mind of a ten-year-old boy.

"As we stood thus, the cayuse and I, with our heads buried, ostrich-like, from the overhead wrath, the heavens seemed to open, and we were both knocked flat. Stunned as I was, I could see by the next flash that a huge elm tree, not more than a hundred feet ahead, had gone down, with its great trunk lying in splinters across the road.

"I picked myself up and found that I

while search that ying any found that I was still all there. But the cayuse lay still alongside the hazel bushes. I slid over to him, with my eyes tight shut, and yanked at his bridle. The poor little cuse was only playing possum, or else he imagined that he was dead or all in or something, for with the first pull I gave on his bridle he sorambled to his feet. Then he appeared to be so surprised or tickled or loco to find that he was still able to navigate that he tore loose from me and navigate that he tore loose from me ar ambled into the brush.

navigate that he tore loose from me and ambled into the brush.

"I didn't go after him. Kansas kids learn early to keep in the middle of the road and as far away from trees as they can while thunderstorms are going on. But I hiked along the road, going it blind with closed eyes, until I fell against the trunk of the fallen tree. I stretched out in the mud made by the road rivulet under the shelter of the big trunk, pulled my jacket over my eyes and waited for the storm to pass. I figured that to be the safest place, because I was already familiar with the maxim that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. strikes twice in the same place.
"The stunning I had got made me sleepy

and with my jacket over my head I must have pounded my ear for a long time, for when I woke up the sun, swimming in an absolutely cloudless sky of sapphire, was far down toward the west. I remember that it took me quite a while to dope it out where I was and what I was doing there, so I imagine now that the stunning there were really gave me a harder twist. there, so I imagine now that the stuffing I had got really gave me a harder twist than I had enough sense to realize then.

"I got up, looked around in a desultory sort of way for my cayuse, and then gave him up. I struck out, afoot, for the shack of Old Man Barlow, about six miles ahead of me. I knew that the message for him that the delivered cayuse or no cayuse. of me. I knew that the message for him had to be delivered, cayuse or no cayuse, and I wasn't going to fall down on my job.

and I wasn't going to fall down on my job, for \$2.50 a week jobs weren't hanging around loose in Leavenworth in those days, and my circumstances in life were such that I needed the income. There were more than half a dozen other kids at home and my dad wasn't making out as well as he had expected to.

"It was about 9 o'clock of a moonlit night when, pretty sore and achy and miserwhen, pretty sore and achy and miser-able all over, I made the clearing in front of Old Man Barlow's cabin, which was

of Old Man Barlow's cabin, which was well back from the road. I cut through the clearing and, sitting on a bench about ten feet in front of his cabin, I saw the old hermit, as I had often seen him before in passing that way on the cayuse. He was bent forward with his hands clasped together and his head down.

"I thought it queer that the crackling of the branches under my feet as I approached him didn't arouse him. But he didn't look up, but sat there, swathed in the brilliant. up, but sat there, swathed in the brilliant moonlight, his matted white hair and beard tossed by the light night breeze, not a very engaging figure for an imaginative boy of

ten to look at.

"I took up a position about twenty feet in front of him and called out:

"'Aw, pop, here's a telegram for you.'

"He didn't look up. Then I caught sight of something that gave me a chill. A little old half blind Skye terrier, the old

immovable.

"If I'd ever started to run when I noticed that I'd probably have kept right on running till I dropped dead. But I sort o' nulled myself together and once more yelled out to the old man that I had a telegram for him. When he failed once more to respond. I dragged myself over more to respond, I dragged mysel pretty close to his bench, imagining that he might be asleep. "When I got close to him I saw that his

old army overcoat hung in burned patches from his frame, and when I stooped down from his frame, and when I stooped down and took a sidewise peek at his face and saw that it was all scarred purple and that on one side his hair and beard had been almost singed off. I knew that he was dead and that he had been struck by lightning. The rigid mutt at his feet had been hit by the same boit.

the same bolt.
"With the fear of God and His wrath "With the fear of God and His wrath tingling in every nerve cell in my kid carcass, I loped out of the clearing and down the De Soto road for Leavenworth. I took it at a steady Indian trot for about four miles, when I heard a familiar whinny, and then my cayuse stepped on to the road from his moonlight brush browsing and sidled over to me and muzzled my shirt. I guess he wasn't good to see for the sore and lonesome eyes of a boy scrambling to get away from such a picture as the dead old hermit and his dog made in the moonlight! And at that, I believe the cayuse was just as lonesome as I was when cayuse was just as lonesome as I was when

cayuse was just as ionesome as I was when I came along.

"I made the office half an hour after midnight, and the manager looked sceptical and growled at me when I handed him the undelivered message. He thought I'd faked the story of the dead hermit, and he didn't believe me until Old Man Barlow's body was brought into town in a farmer's was proget. believe me until Old Man Barlow's body was brought into town in a farmer's wagon the next day. When I got home at 1:30 that night I got the dickens clubbed out of me for 'staying out so late' and for having my clothes covered with mud.

"I broke out of the State of Kansas not long after that, but it was a good many years before I could frame myself in a window or stand in a doorway and get any years before I could frame myself in a window or stand in a doorway and get any actual fun out of a thunderstorm."

SNAKE SKIN COVERED CANES. Fad of the Summer Visitor Starts a New

Industry in Maine-A Record Haul. SUNSET, Me., July 22 .- The newest fad of the summer visitor is to carry a cane made from a sapling of native wood, smoothed with rasp and sandpaper, and covered with the raw skin of the common striped snake, which is treated with alum and hauled on over the stick. As soon as the covering begins to dry, it shrinks until it fits the cane perfectly. These canes, made with ornamented and carved heads, are in quick demand at from \$1.50 to \$3 each.

each.

Haskell Powers, the local haberdasher, learned last week that there was a nest of big snakes among the rocks in a pasture back of the granite quarries, and hunted for half a day to replehish his stock of cane coverings. By creening up carefully to the hot rocks where the snakes were basking in the sun, he captured more than 100 big enough to use.

hot rocks where the snakes were basking in the sun, he captured more than 100 big enough to use.

The next day a farmer who was haying near the shore sent word that he had discovered ten miles of living snakes under a flat rock in his field, and asked Powers to come and kill them. By using bed screws and heavy bars, Powers canted the rock on edge, and when he looked in the small cavity, in which the rock had rested, he said he felt like running away.

There were more than a barrel of snakes in a hole no bigger than a cart body, and every one of them was twisting itself into knots and weaving itself in and out among its companions, until the creatures formed a round ball.

Wishing to secure the skins whole, Powers threw about a half a bushel of rock salt among the snakes, and covered them with a rubber blanket. Ten minutes later every snake was dead and ready to be skinned. There were more than 500 in the lot, 280 of which were more than three feet in length, and large enough to be used as covering for canes, while about fifty of them were four feet long.

UNDER THE ARM AND HAMMER

A SOCIALIST DISCOURSE THAT FALLS ON DULL EARS.

It's Hard to Make Comfortable Folk Think They Are Unhappy by Means of an East Side Summer Night Sermen -Bertha's Beads More Interesting

The sign of the arm and hammer attracts its cohorts every night on the East Side corners. The hot weather adds to the

It is usually a transient company, gathering when the speaker first begins his exposition of existing social wrongs and he benefits of socialism, and gradually osing its old members and gathering new ones, who find it more agreeable to watch a man getting excited over something than o wander listlessly up and down the sidewalk. When the band plays in Tompkins Square the tenets of socialism have even lighter hold on the crowd, for listening to the music is an occupation much pleas anter than listening to the hard voice of

politics so early in the campaign. The orator and his assistant, who is usually from the office of some socialistic newspaper, drag up the wheeled stand to a corner near a drug store, saloon or iceeream parlor, to which the people are likely to be attracted. A canvas banner painted with the arm and the hammer and the name of the socialistic organization to which this particular speaker belongs and an alcohol lamp of the type familiar in torchlight parades of campaign days are

hung above the wagon. Sometimes the speaker is a deliberate Englishman, speaking slowly and methodically, with no attempt at firing the interest of the group that usually begins to gather as soon as the first word is spoken. More often the speaker is of the race which has gradually driven most of the Irish out of the neighborhood around the square. Some of them speak with eloquence, al of them with apparent enthusiasm.

"Now is the time," shrieked a young man the other night, with only a trace of accent. although his features declared his nationality and race. "Now is the time for the working man to begin to think what he will do next November to defend himself against capital and above everything else against the canitalist."

The face of the cop on the corner became a study. He is a member of the Jefferson Club down the street, and, of course, i allied with Tammany Hall and bitterly antagonistic to such views as he knows the socialistic demagogues advance, even if he takes very little trouble to listen and understand them. He glances contemptuously in the direction of the poorly nourished orator and his fingers move nervously on his nightstick. The proprietor of the ginmill, who has been in the district for thirty years and who, seeing that all its old time residents are leaving, has his own prejudices against these orators, winks back at the cop and turns to enter his place.

"I'd like to give him one," the copper whispers after him, clutching the stick with real affection. "Just one."

Then the guardian of the peace walks off. The speaker has his permit. Perhaps the copper might be able to move him on if his language were really seditious. But that is more than he would ever be able to tell. The talk of all "muzzletop speakers," as he calls them, is wrong to the point of sedition in his view.

"Now is the time," the speaker began again, "for the working man to decide what he is going to do to protect himself against-

Only two persons have stopped to listen. One is an elderly Irishwoman, who stares at the "crater" in frank amazement. The other has the bridegroom curls still hanging down the side of his head. His long coat must have come from Poland with the curls. Neither was made in America. "Now is the time," begins the orator a third time, evidently sparring for wind or waiting until a larger gathering is listen.

"Oh, cheese it!" comes in a shrill voice

"Oh, cheese it!" comes in a shrill voice from a juvenile group which has been viewing the proceedings with mild interest. "You've said that twice before."

But the speaker never even looks in the direction from which the voice has come. Two or three men had been added to the company of his hearers and a woman with a baby in her arms has stopped to listen. A child by her side pulls at her skirt, begging her to buy a piece of watermelon from ging her to buy a piece of watermelon from the stand on the sidewalk.

The voice of the man in the cart is worn

The voice of the man in the cart is worn from frequent speaking. His method is so rough that the speech grates on the ears of more sensitive hearers. He continues to shout in a high monotone, uttering, with no eloquence and no new garb of words, the customary tirades against capital. More women stop to listen to him. They are dressed in fashions which could not have been created more than a few months ago in the Rue de la Paix, and, though cheaply reproduced, the swarthy girls who wear them seem an anomalous audience for these imprecations against the rich. Their persecuted forbears had even lacked food in the land they came from.

from.

"Think of the poor people you see around on in his hourse. you," the speaker goes on in his hoarse, tired voice. "Have you ever seen such poverty before? The rich are getting when are you going to try to save yourselves from the clutches of the capitalists
and get your share of the money you earn
for them?"

for them?"

The interest of the young women in this is lost entirely on account of the sudden apparition of a young girl of their own ago, wearing a very peek-a-boo shirt waist which may not have been handmade, but which may not have been handmade, but looks to the layman's eye as fine as any he might see on the terrace at Martin's. About her neck is a string of artificial pearls which would have cost \$10,000 had they teen real, only there was no danger of their being taken for the genuine article.

"Will you look there at Bertha Gordon?" says the oldest girl in astonishment. "See them beads, quick."

The eyes of all the girls turn to the splendid Bertha, who is coming over to the group.

"Who gif you the beads, Bertha?" asks one of the girls, who has subdued her envy to her tact and determined to keep on friendly relations with the possessor of such treasures. The rest of the group impatiently awaits the answer. But Bertha improves the question.

impatiently awaits the answer. But betting ignores the question.

"My mother sent me out to look for our servant girl," she says with the impatience allowable in one so blest with the riches of this world. "Has anybody seen our Recha?"

Nobody has and Bertha whisks away into the growd leaving her friends a sheet at the growd leaving her friends a sheet at

Nobody has and Bertha whisks away into the crowd, leaving her friends aghast at her opulence. The voice of the speaker ence more falls on their ears.

"The workingmen," he is calling out in his high, forced tones, "will not stand together with one another like the capitalists. They may belong to different nations and they may have different colors, but they stand together. This was proved when a man came over here several years ago who belonged to the nation that we think is the lowest in the world. We laborers wouldn't have anything to do with a Chinese. They're too far below us. Would the capitalists as a rule have anything to do with a Chineman?"

"Er spricht sehr gut," says a German who has just taken a place on the outskirts who has just taken a place on the outskirts of the group.

"What is he saying?" asks his friend, who evidently neither speaks nor understands English.

"He says," translated his friend, "he says that a capitalist is no better than a Chinaman.

"Das ist wirklich sehr gut," answers his friend, appreciatively.

The talk about the Chinaman has awak-

RUSSIA'S TROUBLES THICKEN.

RESERVISTS SLOW TO RESPOND TO THE SUMMONS.

ened interest in the group. Most of the men have been standing about the speaker as listlessly as they would have stood on the curb if nobody had been there. The women usually stop only for a minute or two and then pass on. Children scramble under the legs of the crowd to have a look at the pale face of the orator, sallow in the flickering alcohol light, then hurry away.

"What about the Chink?" asks a youthful iconoclast from the group on the sidewalk, which has turned its attention to the speaker from the allurements of the watermelon stand only under the impetus of the Chink episode. Finances in a Bad Way-De Witte Gone to Berlin to Raise Cash by Hook or Crook -At Home the Women Block the Way to Raising Fresh Levies for the Front.

St. Petersburg, July 10.-The wheels of the army mobilization machine are revolving so exceedingly slowly that some times they seem to have come to a dead standstill. Two months ago the order was issued calling out the reservists who had most recently left the colors, to join the army corps forming in the three chief military districts of Russia and proceed to the war. None of these armies is in being

The orator has paused a minute for breath.

"This Chinaman was a capitalist," he continues, "and he showed how all the other uspitalists stand in together with one another. When Li Hung Chang came over here, the rich men all asked him to their houses. He was introduced to their wives. He danced and took dinner with them."

The German who cannot understand English and admits it stares in deep confusion at the speaker. The other has his face set in the firm determination to understand if he possibly can.

"Was sagt er?" the first asks his friend.

"He says the capitalists and their wives dance together with the Chinese," answers the other. The work was to be quickened by the Czar's tour of encouragement in the south; but while the well drilled shout of loyal devotion from his guards—which followed on each patriotic speech—was still in his ears, the people he had hoped to fire with the other.

"If the working men stuck together like the capitalists," says the speaker in conclusion, "it would be better for us, and after a while we would fight together."

This climax to the tale of the chink is such a manifest disappointment to the listeners that the group begins to melt away, leaving the orator plainly desperate at this indifference.

"If you won't come to the meetings," he shouts after the slowly retreating audience, "you can read our paper. It has the speeches in it every day and costs only a cent a copy. You can see for yourselves enthusiasm were back in their old inertia They had seen the outskirts of the imperial procession; and they went back to their villages as they had often gone back from a performance at a fair, and discussed the wo spectacles in the same way.

In spite of the empty results of his April journey, the Czar has again bestirred himself. He started on a fresh tour yesterday -this time to the Kazan and Samara districts, much further east than his last recruiting mission, almost on the eastern what it is. They are for sale here. Only a cent a copy."
He finishes with a gasp, and a man with copies of the socialistic newspaper endeavors to get at the remnants of the crowd. But there are no buyers, and he presently gives up the attempt and returns to the orator's tottering stand. The speaker wearily blows out the alcohol lamp. His assistant rolls up the banner of the arm and the hammer, and within a few minutes they are rolling the apparatus back down Avenue B. border of European Russia. Images of St. Nicholas the Miracle Worker, for presentation to regiments ordered to the front are again a great part of the imperial bag-

The blank negative which the agricult-

ural population has opposed to the mobilization order has compelled the authorities to abandon the original scheme of choosing the new army corps from among the regulation military districts. They are now taking artisans from the towns anywhere they can get them, because they are nearest the railroad depots and can be entrained for the war with less expens and difficulty. The army order is still posted on the doors of the village council houses in the south; the people look at its "I don't care," answered the man. "Any contents as something that can be put off till next year or later. Their feelings are the more unanimous from the fact that the order affects every one of them, man woman and child.

had time to talk. "That's the newest The lands surrounding the village are freak," he explained to the man on the back divided by the number of legal "souls platform, "Collecting transfers, I supthat the community contains, and to each pose about once a week some chap tackles is assigned an equal portion. Those who me for a transfer to add to his collection. remain behind must till and harvest the Of course we don't hear that part of it portions of those gone to the war. The man officially. We've got to give transfers when of thirty who is being summoned for Manthey're asked for, and what's done with churia is the most valuable villager from every commercial point of view, and the one "A man who travels, with me quite often

who can least be spared. showed me the other day a collection of The most active resisters to the call on the reservists are the women who work gathered. They represented about every the fields equally with the men. Their opcity in the country of more than 10,000 position is by no means a matter of tear population. This man said he'd picked them and entreaties. The standard of female up on his own travels, through friends in attractiveness among the peasantry is measured by strength of muscle and hardiness of constitution. When the grown-up "All transfers are patterned on the same son thinks of marriage his parents keep general style nowadays. That is, they are in mind that this means another mouth to marked off into little sections containing the transfer points; the hours and minutes, feed. His mother, who knows that she too was chosen for her usefulness as a farmhand, takes care that her prospective daughter-in-law is a person likely to be to earn her own board. Prettiness and the fragile kind of beauty are alto-

"Out in Salt Lake they still use a system that used to be followed on the Jersey City trolleys, but was given up several years ago. On the transfer are printed a lot of little pictures of men and women and children. There is a man with a smooth face; a man with a mustache and a man with a full beard; a young woman and an old woman; a boy and a girl. The conductor punches the picture that most nearly resembles the present to whom the transfer gether at a discount. The opposition, therefore, comes from legions of broad backed, deep chested women who need to be pretty nearly outnumbered if they are to be overcome by recruiting parties. Their answer is: "We can spare nobody just now. The hay is not gathered."

resembles the person to whom the transfer is issued. The system never became popular. For one thing, women didn't like it. It was a pretty old lady who didn't get huffy if the young woman's face Later it will be the corn and then the root crops. As plainly as they can intimate "In Kansas City they are particular whether you are going to transfer north, east, south or west, so there is printed on enormous reserve of pasantry is to be met with obstacles at every turn. And there is no staff numerous enough to compel four points, and the direction you are going is punched out." obedience. The younger conscripts actually in the ranks and stationed in the district barracks are the only body that can be called on to enforce the enlistment of the BAZAAR TO AID ATHLETICS. reservists, but it is hardly safe to intrust Mehawk A. C. of Point Pleasant Working them with the work of herding their elder brothers on board trains on the Trans Siberian Railway. Ordinary legal punish coming bazaar for the benefit of the Mohawk ment for disobedience is out of the ques Athletic Club of this place is attracting a tion, for the jails would not hold a hundredth good deal of attention among the summer part of the men who have ignored the visitors here. It begins next Wednes-

mobilization order. The omission of the authorities to reday and continues through Thursday and Friday, with dances every evening from port the names of men in the ranks who are killed, wounded or missing in the war has had the worst imaginable effect on recruiting. Scarcely a peasant family that has sons or brothers at the war but is sure quantities of articles in the way of quilts. that they are killed. They all believe that the casualties are about ten times more be on sale at the various booths; and among than the true figures.

As they cannot read or write, the peas ants hear no news from their people in York and Philadelphia are several water color studies from Gerard Hardenberg, Manchuria. The leave-taking among them is the abject, grief-distracted ordeal of a family parting for the last time with one of its members who is being removed to have sentence of death carried out on him. The victim takes his departure soaked in vodka; but, once caught and sobered in the ranks. his physical indifference to death or wounds and his easily won contentment with any surroundings where he can get other peasants in a similar plight to talk with make him the very redoubtable plain soldier that he is.

While the Emperor has gone East on the task of raising men by conjuring with his miracle working saint, M. de Witte has started for the West on an equally important errand. He denies that his visit to Berlin has any object beyond conferences on the terms of the Russo-German commercial treaty which he drafted when Minister of Finance, from the side of this Government and which has shortly to be renewed. But he knows as all his countrymen know, that if he can raise a good loan at an early date among the German bankers, he will have taken a long step toward the accomplishment of his ambition, which is to exercise again a controlling influence in the Gov-

of any local club in any of the smaller towns in New Jersey.

In this they have been not a little indebted for substantial financial aid to Mrs. Cunningham, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Cunningham of this place, who has been the largest contributor in actual money to the club in the community, although all the people of Point Pleasant, representing what stands for what is most wholesome and best in the village life, have given the young men of the club very solid material support as well as the heartiest moral aid in every way.

There is an indebtedness on the clubhouse still unpaid; and it is with the design of raising a fund to meet it, or at all events to greatly reduce, it that the hazaar was planned. Now that so many of the summer residents here from the city are taking such an active interest in the matter, together with the townspeople, all the members of the club are very sanguine that the result will demonstrate once and for all that the Mohawk Athletic Club now may be counted as one of Point Pleasant and the summer that the summer of the club as and a solid planting that the fined institutions. M. de Witte has no real friends among the Imperial and Grand ducal set, even while their carriages are at his door every day and they are seeking counsel, as from a financial wizard, for good speculations, or a least for an escape from the consequence of the present collapse in prices. His im placable adversary, M. de Plehve, a man is reported by returning passengers of the steamer Mauna Loa, which arrived this morning from her run to Maui and Hawaii ports. Trees, lantana and other stuff are sprouting inside the crater. This is unusual. It is taken as an indication that the subterranean activity is decreasing, and that the sulphur and other poisonous gases are not being emitted in such quantity as previously. There are various steam cracks about the immense floor of the crater, and steam is always coming out of these, the heat in some of them being very great. Many of these cracks are reported now to be dead. This report would account for the growth of trees and shrubbery in the crater. of nothing like his intelligence or political ability, but of steadier character and immovably fixed in his faith in autocracy has the unstinted support of the Emperor's mother, perhaps the most politically valuable asset for a Minister in Russia. There is not room on the top for both of them and it is in his reputation as a money finder that M. de Witte knows there is the only hope for his return.

sian finances are rapidly approaching the hand-to-mouth stage. The public departments get money where they can, and promise to pay when they can. The ac-

levied as elaborately as possible with the one object of furnishing salaries to the greatest number that can be devised of civil servants does not adapt itself to raising large additional revenue for war purposes. Even where war taxes are imposed the proceeds show all the old tendency of

sticking to the collectors' pockets. France, the obliging friend in so many emergencies, is wholly estranged from the present policy for which all the fresh loans are needed. She has let it be known time and again, before and since the war began, that she will not fight by Russia's side on any struggle arising out of Russia's Asiatic expansion policy. She sees, moreover, with every fresh obligation her ally incurs, a depreciation in her position as a debtor. If money can be made to come forth anywhere, from anybody, the men governing Russia will not give a moment's thought o France's anxieties when they put up securities. It is here that M. de Witte has his opportunity, and men who are not his friends believe he has a good chance

of arranging a loan. The internal poverty among the peasantry is instanced by an experience of a friend of the present writer. He owns timber forests in the northern provinces, and was in one of them a fortnight ago. A boy came to his office with a message written by the overseer of another forest. The note was marked "pay bearer 50 kopecks." He asked the boy how far he had come, and was told that he had come 75 versts, all the way on foot, which made his terms as a messenger one cent for two

The timber owner gave him an extra 50 kopecks as gratuity and the boy was eager to find any other errand on the same terms. The notion of Japanese naval officers contracting to bring the Turkish Navy up to date has caught the attention of the large class of Russians who like to dissert on coming troubles for their country. The report is widely credited; and people are told to expect any day that the aged cruisers anchored off the Golden Horn will be replaced by a fleet of the swiftest destroyers, officered by the diabolical Japanese.

A recent achievement of a Captain in the Turkish navy is instanced on behalf of the more neighborly and safer kind of old salt that Russians would prefer to have as enemy. This Turk happened to be captain of a cruiser that was fit to steam out to sea. The Sultan ordered him to take a cruise to Malta. Captain and ship set out and were missing for two months. When Abdul Hamid had reconciled him self to his loss, the cruiser turned up safely

on the Bosphorus. In anger, the Sultan sent for the captain and demanded why he had not reported himself from Malta and why he had been gone so long. The captain answered that there was a mistake. He had sought everywhere for Malta, which he was now convinced did

The Sultan expressed astonishment, and suggested that he had not looked for the island in the right place. The captain told him he had looked everywhere on the waters and there was no place called Malta. His sovereign mused for a time, then decorated the captain for his effort and bade him go his way.

POLO INNOVATION. Junior and Senior Championship Events

in the Same Week at Narraganaett. An innovation made possible by the small entry will mark the pole championships this year, for it will be possible to play off both the junior and senior events in the one week. The scene will be the picturesque field of the Point Judith Country Club. at Narragangett Pier. The junior championship will be decided on Tuesday, Aug. 2, with a match between the Rockaway First and Bryn Mawr Second teams. The next afternoon, in the series for the senior championship, there will be play between the Myopia and Bryn Mawr First teams, and, after the interval of two days to rest up nies, the senior championship final will be decided on Saturday, Aug. 6, between the junior champion team and the winners

June, it is again apparent, is the best time for the championships if a large entry is wanted, for at a later date the men and ponies are somewhat fagged out from the constant play in the spring tournaments.
On the other hand, it is the fittest that survive, and a small field concentrates the interest and is a guarantee of fast and exciting polo, when as in the present instance the players have gone through the tournament

circuit with success.
Since its start in 1900 the junior championship has twice been won by the Rocksway Club and once by the Philadelphia Country Club and the Lakewood Polo Club. Lakewood is the holder and will not defend the title, as George J. Gould is abroad and Benjamin Nicoll ineligible under the rule that bars out a player with a higher handicap than five goals. Rockaway's team this time will probably be: No. 1. D. F. Savage; No. 2, Daniel Chauncey, Jr.: No. 8, R. Savage; No. 2, Damiel Chauncey, Jr.; No. 3, R. La Montagne, Jr., and back, F. S. Conover, with H. G. Brokaw and W. A. Hazard in reserve. Bryn Mawr's second team is: No. 1, Alex. Brown; No. 2, H. W. Harrison, No. 3, R. E. Strawbridge, and back, George McEdden

S. R. E. Strawbridge, and back, George McFadden.
Myopia, which won the senior championship in 1895, the first year it was played, will be represented by two at least of that team, R. L. Agassiz and R. G. Shaw, 2d, and their opponents will be the Bryn Mawr first team—No. 1, C. R. Snowden; No. 2, M. G. Rosengarten; No. 3, A. E. Kennedy, and back, C. Wheeler. The cup presented by Samuel D. Warren is the trophy in the junior, and the william Waldorf Astor cup the trophy in the senior championship, and in each event the Polo Association adds individual prizes.

the trophy in the senior championship, and in each event the Polo Association adds individual prizes.

Throughout the succeeding week polo will be kept up at the Point Judith Country Club by handicap matches for the Narragansett cups. Aug. 9 Bryn Mawr First meets Rockaway; Aug. 10, Myopia plays the County Club of Westchester; Aug. 11, Bryn Mawr Second will go against the winners of Aug. 9, while the final, on Aug. 13, will be between the winning teams of Aug. 10 and Aug. 11. Tournaments at Newport and Saratoga will follow the fortnight at Narragansett Pier.

This week the Bryn Mawr and Rockaway players will attend the tournament of the Great Neck Polo Club, and they will have to scurry off afterward to Narragansett Pier to keep the championship engagements. The chief event on the Long Island field will be the play for the Great Neck challenge cup, won last year when first put up by the Country Club of Westchester, and to become the property of the club winning it three times. It is for teams of four, under the regular handicaps. The schedule for the week is:

To-morrow, Country Club of Westchester va. Great Neck Freehooters: July 27, winners

schedule for the week is:

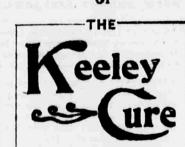
To-morrow, Country Club of Westchester vs. Great Neck Freebooters: July 27, winners of Monday vs. Great Neck: July 28, Rock-away vs. Bryn Mawr: July 30, final between winners of July 27 and July 28.

There will also be a tournament at the Rumson Polo Club, Seabright, this week, but it is only of local interest and none of the championship players will take part.

Bass That Weighed 401 Pounds. From the Los Angeles Times. C. W. Heineman had a narrow escape to-day

C. W. Heineman had a narrow escape to-day from again holding the season's record for the largest black see base. When R. E. Smith a few days ago wrested the honor from him he quietly remarked that he would have a try again. He did so this morning, going out with "Chappie." He caught a bass weighing 401 pounds, just one peund short of tieing 5mith's record. It required an hour and fifty-five minutes to land the huge creature.

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SETTLEMENT WORK FOR PAY.

CALLING COLLEGE MEN AND WOMEN ARE TAKING UP.

Change From the Early Days When All the Workers Were Volunteers Schools for Training in Social Service Sal-

aries Are as Yet Small and Uneven. Settlement work has come to be a proession. Young men and women just out of college and casting about for a way of making a living now count this one of the

callings open to them. This, if not a reversal, is at least a new phase of the altruistic spirit of which the settlement idea was born. The oldest settlement workers in New York recognize the fact that the professional element has entered the work and deplore it, but they are powerless to prevent it. The work they

have undertaken has outgrown the simple

methods of the earlier day. The growing tendency toward specialization has hastened this result, and al-ready in New York, Boston and Chicago there are organized schools of philanthropy whose sole object is the training of social workers. The New York school was established last winter, primarily for those already engaged in practical social work and who could give only a limited amount of time to lectures and class work. For the coming winter, however, it has been de-cided to extend the course and offer sufficient instruction to justify students in de-

voting their entire time to it. "It is true that professionalism has entered into settlement work," said James H.

tered into settlement work, said James H. Hamilton, head worker of the University Settlement in Eldridge street, "and I am sorry to see it. I believe it is opposed to the true spirit of settlement work and can not be brought into harmony with it. "For the most part, our workers are and have always been volunteers. In this settlement, as in others, there are salaried places. It is oustomary for the head worker to receive a salary, except in the few cases where they are persons of independent to receive a salary, except in the lew cases where they are persons of independent means; also the matrons and housekeepers, financial secretaries and such others, generally speaking, as give their entire time to the work. In the matter of kindergarten teachers, physical directors, cooking teachers and the like there is a growing teachers and the first, there is a grow-ing tendency to pay for such service; and here lies the danger. Where the commer-cial spirit enters, the high motive of social service is apt to be lost sight of, and the settlement becomes merely an educational institution.

cial spirit enters, the high motive of social service is apt to be lost sight of, and the settlement becomes merely an educational institution.

"The University Settlement probably has an advantage in that it is the oldest and largest in New York and has therefore the greatest number of volunteers for service. Not long ago a retired lawyer came to us and asked if we could not use him in some way, and we put him in charge of our penny provident fund. And quite lately I got a New York editor to promise to give us one evening a week, assuring him that he would get more out of it than he gave."

Miss Elizabeth S. Williams, head worker of the College Settlement in Rivington street, agrees that the professional element has entered into settlement work, but she does not consider it a mensor to the settlement spirit. She does not find that those who give their time are inolined to shirk the harder tasks, nor that these who work for pay are inclined to do only so much and no more.

"Of course," she said, "we who are old in the work regret that we have outgrown the simpler ways of the past. In the beginning everything was done informally, but that was before we realized how complex was the life around us and how many problems it had to offer. We have come to see that good intentions are not all that's necessary, that mere willingness to teach a cooking class is not a reason for permitting the volunteer to do it and perhaps teach wrong principles of cooking.

"The fact that many are taking up settlement work as a profession does not lessen our number of volunteers. In fact, as our accommodation for residents is limited, we have had to turn away volunteers when they were not qualified to do the work for which we have paid workers.

"No. I can't say that settlement work is remunerative. The paid workers receive much smaller salaries than teachers for similar work, say in the public schools. Of course, the work is less exacting. The classes are smaller and there is more liberty of time and method, but the pay is much less."

There is no level of salaries in this new calling. The highest salary paid to a head worker in New York is \$2,500 a year and all living expenses, with a handsome suite of apartments. In the same settlement a physical director trained for



